

Old Gods 1071

Chapter 1071: Flowers

In the days that followed, Lu Ran returned to the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, wandering among the various Divine Mountains.

Every deity within the Ran Sect, including the unascended Heavenly Realm Stone Sculptures, could freely utilize and release Holy Spirit Energy, contributing their strength towards the Master of Ran Sect's promotion.

In fact, Lu Ran did not need to visit every Divine Mountain.

He could stay in the hands of the Immortal Mo Divine Sculpture, since deities could exchange Origin Energy with each other.

But Lu Ran did not do that.

Inspecting the various Divine Mountains of the Ran Sect and witnessing the different mountain-guarding teams and great warriors truly gave Lu Ran a sense of achievement.

Moreover, everyone was made of stone anyway, and the hands were all hard.

Sitting anywhere would feel uncomfortable on the buttocks~

If the deities of the Ran Sect were still flesh and blood, it would be completely different!

Someone would likely be lying in Fairy Jiang's soft and fair palm, not leaving... Well, you can't speak in such absolutes.

After all, there are many goddesses in the Ran Sect, and naturally, there are many slender jade hands.

The first that came to Lu Ran's mind was Bai Rao!

Aunt Snake's hands... Tsk~ they were as smooth as cream and warm as jade, as soft as her body.

The first to be ruled out by Lu Ran was He Qifeng.

A female Martial Monk's hands are naturally meant for making fists; even if reverted to flesh, they would feel as hard as stone...

It's worth mentioning that at the beginning of his wanderings, Lu Ran also managed a few things.

Firstly, he brought Bai Yanhui, Wei Yun, and Liu Huo, who had already advanced to the Heavenly Realm, from Holy Spirit Mountain to the Heavenly Realm, receiving them into the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd.

Lu Ran invited out corresponding Pseudo God Stone Sculptures from the Sculpture Garden to lead the three of them to merge with the Stone Sculptures.

Secondly, under the witness of his mother Qiao Wanju, Lu Ran signed an Inheritance Contract with the Evil Sculpture Ash Destruction Demon and Xiang Zhuo.

Xiang Zhuo, being the brother of Xiang Wang from the former Cloud Sea faction, had already passed Fairy Jiang's assessments in terms of personal character. This decision was also a result of Lu Jiang's joint decision-making.

With Xiang Zhuo's transformation into a deity, he also obtained the Melted Bear-Ash Destruction Demon dual divine position.

Thus, the four ancient beasts of the Ran Sect were complete.

Snake Bai Rao, Tiger Yin Yan.

Elephant Xiang Wang, Bear Xiang Zhuo.

Later, after discussing with his mother, Lu Ran allowed her maid servant, Chen Jingjing, to sign an Inheritance Contract with the Ice Butterfly Stone Sculpture.

Since arriving at the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, Chen Jingjing's strength had further advanced, now reaching the Fourth Rank of the Sea Realm.

She only needed to continue her diligent cultivation, take two steps forward to reach the Heavenly Realm, and then, with the help of the Ran Sect, complete a triple jump to directly transform into a deity!

The Ice Butterfly Stone Sculpture in the Sculpture Garden was not a Pseudo God, but a True God with a divine position!

Back when Lu Ran led the team to attack North Wind Divine Mountain, the Ice Butterfly-Ice Burial being were gods and demons who perished in Bai Rao's devouring snake mouth.

Letting Chen Jingjing inherit the Ice Butterfly Stone Sculpture was also a result of Lu Ran's careful consideration.

Chen Jingjing would always follow Qiao Wanjun closely.

It was so in the past, and it would be so in the future.

Being a disciple of Sword One, Chen Jingjing was not afraid of harsh cold environments and even resisted skills with frost and snow attributes.

Once she transformed into a deity, she would automatically sever the Master-Servant Contract with Sword One and, without Sword One's Divine Technique, would naturally be affected by frost and snow!

Inheriting the Ice Butterfly Divine Sculpture and this sect's Divine Technique would allow her to continue to thrive in frost and snow, remaining by Qiao Wanjun's side.

These matters were merely side notes.

Lu Ran's focus was, of course, cultivation!

On the twenty-eighth of the twelfth lunar month, Lu Ran bid farewell to the Gold Jade Divine Mountain, leaving Bai Rao's resentful eyes as he stepped into the Liyuan Divine Mountain.

"Sect Leader!"

"Sect Leader!" The two Divine Sculptures standing at the mountain peak immediately sensed the presence of a human and respectfully saluted.

At Liyuan Divine Mountain, originally only Wu Xiao stood at the mountain summit.

The remaining warriors were stationed halfway up the mountain or at the mountain foot.

But now, a second Stone Sculpture had appeared atop the mountain—Liu Huo!

It must be said, Fairy Jiang was not as cold-hearted as imagined. Toward her personal guards, whether Xuan Shuang or Liu Huo, she was quite benevolent.

Since Liu Huo had transformed into a Stone Sculpture and ascended to the third level with the help of all gods, he should have stayed in the southwest of the Heavenly Realm at the Immortal Mo Divine Mountain, serving beside the Lady of the Ran Sect.

Yet a few days later, the guard Liu Huo appeared in the south of the Heavenly Realm at the Liyuan Divine Mountain, beside Wu Xiao.

This was clearly under Jiang Ruyi's direction.

"Alas..." Seeing Wu Xiao draped in a large white robe and Liu Huo in a fiery red dress, Lu Ran couldn't help but sigh.

Although both were dark-colored Stone Sculptures, their images and colors had long been deeply rooted in Lu Ran's mind.

Back then, when he first saw this pair, Liu Huo was a tall, fiery red horse.

She carried the soundly asleep Wu Xiao, wandering in the blooming Qianhua Ridge.

Even before then, Liu Huo had been accompanying Wu Xiao for many years, yet she had never successfully warmed him or awakened his numbed heart.

If not for Lu Ran's intervention, Wu Xiao, like a walking corpse, would have likely died at Holy Spirit Mountain.

Later, Wu Xiao became the Martial Emperor of the Ran Sect.

Seizing the Liyuan Sect first, then leaving Holy Spirit Mountain to campaign in the Heavenly Realm alongside Lu Ran.

That fiery red steed, which once carried him on adventures, tirelessly pursued and ran.

With all her strength,

finally returned to his side.

Sadly, the man had not changed much.

Even though Lu Ran fulfilled all promises, now that the God Martial Artist was defeated, and Wu Xiao held the dual Divine Soul of First-class God Demon Martial Artist-Yin Flower Dan, standing atop the Da Xia God Demon Camp.

But he had not truly "come to life."

Just like before at Holy Spirit Mountain, he had long since handed his life over to Lu Ran, existing by the will of the Master of Ran Sect.

"Sect Leader!"

"Sect Leader." A series of greetings awakened Lu Ran.

Lu Ran's gaze swept over All Gods, and he saw a Pseudo-God, who was Wu Xiao's good brother, Wei Yun.

The Divine Positions needed by Liu Huo for Blazing Blood-Black Fire Colt, and by Wei Yun for Witch Crow-Golden Winged Bat, were all in the northwest forces.

If the two want to Become Gods, it will take a while.

"Everyone, get busy, don't delay the mission." Lu Ran's gaze focused farther, looking at the fiercely battling battlefield, also seeing a rather unique minion combination.

On the battlefield, some of Wu Xiao's minions were fighting riding blood-red war horses.

Not only majestic but also like adding wings to a tiger!

The Pseudo-God Liu Huo Stone Sculpture just silently stood beside the God Wu Xiao Stone Sculpture, but the god demon minions under the two collaborated seamlessly.

What Liu Huo couldn't obtain, the minions could easily have.

Such a scene left Lu Ran with complex emotions.

He just felt that Liu Huo, this pitiable girl, was too humble in this relationship.

This obsession should be her Dao Heart.

And it's destined to be difficult to have a result.

Lu Ran even had an impulse to directly order Wu Xiao to propose to Liu Huo on the spot...

"Sect Leader, do you need to cultivate?" Liu Huo looked at the small Human Clan and volunteered, "Liu Huo just reached the Third Level of the Heavenly Realm, and there is still a large amount of Holy Spirit Energy given by the soldiers inside me, which can help the Sect Leader."

Lu Ran: "..."

I was just feeling sorry for your tough life!

You just advanced to the Heavenly Realm and have already reached the Third Level in a few days! Look at me, still struggling at the Second Level, fighting tooth and nail.

Forget it, you two really shouldn't get married.

It makes me feel a bit more balanced...

Of course, thinking like this is all in jest, Lu Ran indeed can order many to do many things, but he has always restrained himself.

At least regarding personal feelings, he doesn't want to intervene unless...

"Sect Leader?" Liu Huo called softly.

"Okay, it's no trouble." Lu Ran responded casually, slowly flying towards her.

Liu Huo, full of both fear and respect, hastily lifted her hands: "No trouble, no trouble..."

To stand here, from her mortal state to Pseudo-God status, to her talent and potential, strength and realm, were all given by Lu Ran.

A more brutal reality: after Qianhua Ridge battle back then, Liu Huo was even entrusted to Lu Ran by Wu Xiao on his deathbed as a war horse.

Just begging Lu Ran to treat her a bit kindly and give her a shred of dignity, without asking her true name.

"Why so happy?" Lu Ran landed in her hands, feeling puzzled.

Liu Huo hesitated for a moment but dared not hide, explaining: "In recent days, since Sect Leader you have been cultivating on various Divine Mountains, privately... uh, privately, we had some discussions."

"Discussing what?" Lu Ran grew more curious.

Liu Huo whispered: "We were wondering who will have the honor, guessing which Divine Mountain, in whose hands will Sect Leader ultimately advance."

"Hehe." Lu Ran chuckled upon hearing.

So it's like passing the flower in the game, huh?

No wonder, when I left Jin Yu Divine Mountain earlier, Bai Tianjiang looked so gloomy... wait!

It seems I've become a part of the gods' play now?

Isn't this purely being used as a tool for others...

"I see." Lu Ran smirked, sitting on Liu Huo's hand, and asked, "What's the reward for the person who wins?"

Liu Huo looked a bit flustered: "This... this is an honor in itself, the greatest reward."

"Oh." Lu Ran awkwardly scratched his head.

He had a trait, both a strength and a flaw: he rarely took himself seriously.

At times, he would underestimate his own value in others' eyes.

"Whew~" Threads of Holy Spirit Energy began to spread in Liu Huo's hands.

"Then you might just be the winner." Lu Ran closed his eyes, "I feel it will be a matter of just a day or two."

Upon hearing this, Liu Huo's hands trembled slightly.

To the small Human Clan, it felt comparable to an earthquake.

Lu Ran, a bit helpless, said: "Keep your hand steady, and also clench it, it's noisy outside."

"Yes." Liu Huo cautiously closed her palms, holding the Sect Leader in front of her, a faint smile spreading across her face.

She seemed to feel very lucky, sneaking a glance at the majestic Divine Sculpture beside her.

Unexpectedly, Wu Xiao spoke for the first time, a deep voice: "You don't need to make god demon minions recently, don't move around, focus on releasing Source Energy."

"Okay." A flash of delight crossed Liu Huo's eyes as she gently nodded.

"Whoosh~~~"

Wu Xiao's robe fluttered in the wind, descending towards the battlefield below.

Liu Huo cast her eyes down, subconsciously clenching her palms tighter.

Indeed, truly very lucky.

Lu Ran was stunned!

No, don't clench your fist!

What did I ever do to you...

Chapter 1072: Fireworks and Blood Drops

Lu Ran knew his body very well, and everything was as he expected!

On New Year's Eve, he realized it was time.

This body of the Second Level Heavenly Realm, every inch of skin, every piece of flesh and bone, had been thoroughly reinforced and transformed under the continuous nourishment of Holy Spirit Energy.

It could break through the bottleneck at any moment.

The Third Heaven of the Heavenly Realm, the peak of the Human Clan!

Body strength, power, speed, divine power storage, and the intangible yet real presence...

Will all reach the pinnacle within the capabilities of the Human Clan!

Yet, at this moment, Lu Ran hesitated.

Because today is New Year's Eve!

Tomorrow, the first day of the New Year, is the day people ascend the God Worship Platform to pray for the manifestation of the new gods of the Ran Sect.

If he advances on the spot, Little Ruyi will undoubtedly send troops for support, and the soldiers might get distracted, delaying recruitment.

Thus, Lu Ran negotiated with Lord Immortal Sheep and gave plenty of instructions to the soldiers, then returned to Holy Spirit Mountain.

He had to obtain permission from Lord Immortal Sheep.

Because the blood skull evil sculpture in the Sculpture Garden was still vibrating, and his deceased father, Lu Xing, had not yet been resurrected.

The Stone Sculpture of the real Immortal Sheep is located above the Third Heaven.

Lu Ran can freely move between the Human World and the Third Heaven, but if he were to go to the distant Holy Spirit Mountain, he feared the Sheep General would not be able to assist, should anything go wrong.

Fortunately, Lord Immortal Sheep agreed.

Lu Ran took the opportunity to ask about the progress of the resurrection, as it had been almost a month since the third day of the twelfth lunar month to now, the thirtieth...

Lord Immortal Sheep only let out a cold "hum" and then fell silent.

Lu Ran wasn't sure if his understanding was accurate.

Was the arrogant Sheep General's cold hum expressing "this is just the beginning"?

The resurrection, such a defiance of nature, indeed is a grand project.

Lu Ran couldn't help but think of the fallen former Cloud Sea comrade, Wuya.

The more difficult the resurrection, the harder it was for him to broach the subject again with Lord Immortal Sheep; after much consideration, he could only wait until he could resurrect his comrades himself in the future.

But the question is, when he can do this, does it mean that Lord Immortal Sheep...

With a heavy heart, Lu Ran returned to Holy Spirit Mountain, stepping into Tianya Haijiao, and striding into the thick mist.

Within the sect, Chang Ying and Golden Sparrow were advancing to the next level.

Once Lu Ran stands on top, they should also transform into Majestic Heaven Realm beings.

Lu Ran quickly arrived at the seclusion room beneath Tianya Residence, taking out the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd, letting the little guy spray threads of Holy Spirit Energy, smearing them continuously on his body.

Indeed, Lu Ran was unable to mobilize Holy Spirit Energy.

But little Blazing Phoenix could!

He directed the gourd's mouth at any area of flesh or bone that wasn't adequately nourished.

Just like spraying perfume~

As he sprayed, Lu Ran suddenly stiffened!

Immediately, the Fog Dragon Roll swirling between heaven and earth increased considerably...

Here, Lu Ran finally broke through the bottleneck, vigorously starting the advancement mode.

Meanwhile, in the human world, New Year's Eve is bustling with excitement!

The land of Da Xia is jubilant, people are celebrating the New Year, staying up late, and discussing information about the newly descended gods while gathering with family.

In front of the household's small shrine, they reverently kneel and pray to the new divine sculpture of a certain Ran Sect warrior.

Praying that the gods might appear on the God Worship Platform tomorrow.

This world is different.

But somehow, it seems unchanged.

As midnight approached, in the northeastern Ice City of Da Xia, fireworks filled the sky.

The night sky was colorful and beautiful, reflecting people's joyful faces.

In the inner city of Nightmare City (formerly Beifeng City), inside a grand mansion, a white-haired woman was kneeling in the courtyard.

Under the same beautiful night sky, blood continuously dripped from her body, staining the ground red.

"Sir, all remnants have been captured, a few were stubbornly resistant, but the disciple has dealt with them."

Liao Wushuang respectfully knelt toward the elegant silhouette not far away, pressing her forehead against the cold snow-covered ground.

Deng Yuxiang silently gazed up at the night sky without a word.

The people and matters of this world are not always as beautiful as fireworks.

Even fireworks leave choking smoke, littered remains.

Divine·Beifeng had stood in this world for over forty years, naturally attracting loyal believers.

Even as Deng Yuxiang descended in divine form, the people had no ability to resist; even as the fifteenth of the twelfth lunar month brought peace to the human world, the prestige of the new gods of the Ran Sect reached unprecedented heights;

Even as the influence of The Pride of Da Xia covered the entire nation...

Remnants of Beifeng still exist.

Not only exist, but these people were also still considering how to avenge Lord Beifeng, how to disrupt the worship ceremony tomorrow.

The remnants attempted to grow their strength, constantly inciting the masses to join in, refusing to venerate the new gods, wanting the new descending gods to lose their source of power and thus fall.

Some people are extremely loyal, willing to do anything for the once-venerated gods.

Others were so deeply entrenched in their beliefs that they wouldn't allow their perceptions to collapse or the rules to change.

In the past few weeks, the previous human identities of the new gods of the Ran Sect had been thoroughly exposed.

And it was precisely this former "human" identity that became the original sin of the Ran Sect warriors!

In many remnants' minds, being born human, one should know their place.

Gods are the magnificent, heroic saviors.

Whereas you and I are lowly beings, small, fragile creatures who need salvation from gods.

Yet the warriors of the Ran Sect broke the rules, shattering the believers' perceptions with tangible actions.

How could this be?

This is wrong, the world shouldn't be like this!

Humans should return to their proper places, begging the gods to come back and rule the human world, begging all the gods to deliver punishment...

"Bang!"

"Crash!" Another firework bloomed, casting its light on the myriad faces of humanity.

Brilliant colors seemed to fall into Deng Yuxiang's jet-black eyes, glowing with strange light.

"You should be among them the most."

Deng Yuxiang finally spoke, her cold words adding a further chill to the frost-covered courtyard.

"I am the most loyal believer of the Lord, heaven and earth as witness, sun and moon as witness!" Liao Wushuang trembled as she spoke, sounding somewhat ridiculous.

The two had once fought a battle in Beifeng City.

At that time, Liao Wushuang was a senior of the Human Clan, using every means to suppress the younger generation and in the final battle arena, trying to put the latter to death.

Yet now, Liao Wushuang said such words.

The trembling in her voice indicated her fear.

But what was astonishing was the fervent look in Liao Wushuang's eyes towards the new god.

What could this be?

A convert's zeal?

As Deng Yuxiang turned her eyes towards her, Liao Wushuang's trembling intensified, and her eyes grew brighter.

Fear is a physiological reaction, an inescapable rule within the cultivation system of all beings.

The even more fervent gaze, however, came from the psychological level.

It was extreme rejection and denial of her original identity, and an overwhelming acceptance and loyalty to the new identity, new belief.

Humans, such complex creatures.

When a great number of "human gods" descended, many people's faith shattered completely.

Liao Wushuang was among them.

She had once been so devout to North Wind, so unwaveringly convinced.

Believing it to be a supreme existence, an inviolable deity.

But now, Deng Yuxiang had replaced North Wind, occupied the ancient city that belonged to North Wind, and even from the divine technique she possessed, people could vaguely infer...

Deng Yuxiang personally killed North Wind and took its place!

Liao Wushuang was utterly broken, from disappointment to despair.

Feeling betrayed, feeling deceived.

Wasn't North Wind the supreme?

Wasn't it omnipotent?

Liao Wushuang sat slumped on the street, her heart shattered, continuously rebuilding and reshaping her collapsed belief over days and nights.

Madly self-consistent all over again.

Until a moment came when she suddenly "came alive" with a zeal far greater than when worshipping the old god, giving everything to the new god.

Later, under the new god's gaze, she raised the slaughter knife.

Willing to do anything dirty and bloody to maintain the newly built divine sculpture in her heart.

"My lord." Suddenly, a familiar female voice came from outside the mansion gate.

Deng Yuxiang paused for a moment in silence, then softly said, "Come in."

Hu Jiaojiao pushed the door open and entered, looking at her former close friend, yet dared not address her intimately: "Lord Nightmare..."

Seeing the old life-and-death companion, Deng Yuxiang's cold demeanor gradually faded, and a faint smile appeared on her face:

"Have you forgotten even my name?"

"Ah! Yu...Yuxiang." Hu Jiaojiao stammered.

"What's wrong?" It was evident that Deng Yuxiang was deliberately slowing her tone, trying to make her voice gentle.

"Do you... do you want to have a New Year's Eve dinner? Want to eat dumplings?" Hu Jiaojiao asked with an increasingly quieter voice as she carried an exquisite lunchbox.

This kind of thing felt truly surreal.

Even Hu Jiaojiao herself doubted what she was doing...

But the problem was, the descending new god was completely different from the old god.

When had North Wind ever integrated into the human world?

It probably even found descending to be dirty.

Whereas Deng Yuxiang, a "new god of the Human Clan," would create a human body, live in a courtyard, keep up with societal news, and was currently admiring the fireworks.

Hu Jiaojiao would never forget that morning on the sixteenth of the lunar month.

Deng Yuxiang had descended into the Inner City in human form, chosen a residence, and even asked her to buy some daily necessities...

Even specifically reminding her to get tea tree-scented shampoo.

That scene brought Hu Jiaojiao enormous mental shock!

Because of this, Hu Jiaojiao came at this time to ask the Lord God if she wanted to have a New Year's Eve dinner.

"Okay." Deng Yuxiang gently nodded and stepped towards the house.

Hu Jiaojiao glanced at Liao Wushuang kneeling in the snow, and without saying much, quickly followed in Deng Yuxiang's steps.

At the table in the hall, Hu Jiaojiao swiftly set out the dishes, a mix of cold and hot, plus two trays of steaming dumplings.

In the northeast of Da Xia, dumplings are indispensable on New Year's Eve.

"Let's eat together." Deng Yuxiang appeared troubled, the smoke green gauze still in someone's possession, not returned.

Otherwise, her friend wouldn't have to be so timid.

"Ye...yes." Hu Jiaojiao replied softly, arranging the bowls and chopsticks.

Deng Yuxiang leaned with her elbow on the table edge, hand supporting her face, tilting her head to smile at her friend's baby face: "Should I ask Shuangzi to join so the three of us can spend the New Year together?

You haven't seen her in a long time, right?"

Hu Jiaojiao: "..."

The God in her mind, constantly speaking human words, doing human things.

Seeing no objection from Hu Jiaojiao, Deng Yuxiang really took out her phone and dialed another god's number...

...

Chapter 1073: Smoke Rising from the Ancestral Tomb

After Hu Jiaojiao set the dishes, she sat properly, her head bowed, her mind very complicated.

She always found it difficult to accept that humans could become gods.

For a human believer who has never "studied" at the Holy Spirit Mountain, what Deng Yuxiang has done is a great betrayal.

Even more so a violation of the natural order!

But things in this world never turn according to one's will.

Now, Beifeng City has been renamed to Nightmare City.

The former North Wind disciples have already joined under the Nightmare Lord. Tomorrow, on the first day of the new year, countless human believers will worship the Nightmare Lord.

"Did you make it yourself?" Deng Yuxiang picked up a dumpling, which looked like a gold ingot.

Plump and chubby.

Just like Hu Jiaojiao's cheeks.

"Yes." Hu Jiaojiao placed her hands under the table, nervously twisting her fingers.

Deng Yuxiang dipped the dumpling in a bit of vinegar and swallowed it in one bite.

Tasting the unique flavors of the human world.

Ever since ascending to the River Realm, she hadn't eaten food. Never did she think that after ascending to the God Realm, she would circle back to savoring fine cuisine here.

The scorching hot dough, the fragrant cabbage and pork, the juices imparting a full sense of happiness.

"Delicious." Deng Yuxiang smiled and said.

Hu Jiaojiao pouted her lips and whispered, "Thank you."

Deng Yuxiang: "..."

She wasn't someone skilled at livening up the atmosphere.

In the trio of Deng Yuxiang, Yan Shuangzi, and Hu Jiaojiao, the latter was the cheerful one.

The former two had more similar styles.

Proud and radiant, a very dazzling kind.

Deng Yuxiang knew well that if she treated her friend the way she used to, the other might not be able to handle it.

She quietly tasted the dishes, and the room fell into silence.

In sharp contrast to the sound of firecrackers outside and the beautiful fireworks blooming in the night sky.

"Ah!" Hu Jiaojiao suddenly exclaimed, only to sense a surge of divine power behind her.

As a powerful martial artist, Hu Jiaojiao reacted very quickly, but a hand was already pressing on her shoulder, "pinning" her to the chair.

Another towering mountain was pressing down.

"It's here." Deng Yuxiang casually said.

The tall charm shadow stood behind Hu Jiaojiao, slowly leaning down to look at her profile.

"Gulp." Hu Jiaojiao swallowed, sat up straight, daring not to move, only slightly turning her eyes to see the profile from the corner of her eye.

A face both strange and familiar.

Familiar, because of the bygone years.

Also because in the past half month, she paid attention to the social news, knowing that in Xiaoyue City under Helan Mountain in the northwest of Da Xia, which once belonged to Divine-Tan Lang, a new god had arrived.

A god she was also extremely familiar with.

Needless to say, Hu Jiaojiao's girlfriends were shockingly talented.

If publicized, her home's threshold would be crossed by many tomorrow, all coming to make friends...

"Hmm." Yan Shuangzi lightly responded, her slender two fingers gently pinching those slightly chubby cheeks.

The feel remained the same as before.

Hu Jiaojiao: "..."

"How are things on your side, stable?" Deng Yuxiang smiled as she watched the scene.

With gods ruling the human world for more than forty years, each sect had its loyal followers, naturally in abundance.

"Not bad." Yan Shuangzi suddenly twitched her nose, but it wasn't to smell the sumptuous dishes.

Rather, she caught the familiar, also his favorite, scent of camellias.

"All troubles have been resolved?"

"Most are incarcerated, with a few main organizers executed." Yan Shuangzi sat opposite the table.

The twin protectors of the Nightmare Evil Shadow are both decisive killers.

From the leading style, it could be seen they were absolutely iron-fisted rulers.

Yet, it was evident that they both unanimously chose the same approach—minimizing the killings as much as possible.

Because they were compassionate towards the human clan?

Impossible!

It was merely a choice to satisfy Lu Ran more.

Some individuals can be educated, can be counseled, might even come to a great awakening.

For those truly incorrigible, further severe punishment could always be applied later.

Yan Shuangzi believed this was the handling approach her master preferred to see.

"Hmm." Deng Yuxiang lightly nodded, turning her head to look out the window.

The white-haired woman named Liao Wushuang still knelt in the snow, awaiting command, perhaps waiting for Lord God's decision on her fate.

"Yu...Yuxiang." Hu Jiaojiao, suppressing her inner fear, softly asked, "What do you plan to do with Liao..."

Deng Yuxiang slowly replied, "Eliminating the remnants is not a one-day affair. Let her continue to be responsible for this."

Hu Jiaojiao silently nodded, realizing this "dirty work" temporarily spared Liao Wushuang's life.

Why?

Because Deng Yuxiang had become a god, able to easily crush the multitude of beings, losing interest in the small ants beneath her feet?

Or because at her new height, she had a magnanimous heart, a light boat passing through a sea of mountains?

Or was it because of Liao Wushuang's extreme fanaticism?

"Do you have other thoughts?" Deng Yuxiang asked.

"No, none." Hu Jiaojiao shook her head repeatedly.

"Her unique identity makes her more effective in educating those bewitched." Deng Yuxiang looked at the woman outside the window and added, "You heard, now go down."

The former North Wind Sect, now the Nightmare Sect, has incredibly keen hearing.

Liao Wushuang immediately saluted respectfully, got up, and left.

Deng Yuxiang raised his eyes and gazed at the fireworks blossoming in the night sky, a certain young man's figure emerged in his mind.

If it weren't for him, the world would really be different.

"How is your preparation for tomorrow's event coming along?" Yan Shuangzi took a small bite of a roasted peanut, savoring the taste of salt.

Deng Yuxiang returned to his senses, smiling at her: "Our standards for taking disciples are probably quite similar."

"I won't compete with you." Yan Shuangzi shook her head.

Had it not been for Lu Ran's orders, Yan Shuangzi wouldn't have descended to the mortal world; she just wanted to quietly protect him in secret, and continue this way through endless ages.

However, Lu Ran clearly stated that the world needed the Greedy Wolf Divine Skill.

The Moon Gazers and the army warriors needed strong scouts.

Of course, it was limited to the Greedy Wolf Divine Skill.

Currently, the Ran Sect's gods have only been providing Divine Technique to the mortal believers, without offering the Evil Technique from the Evil Demon side.

The agreement between the Ran Sect and the Evil Spear Emperor's forces is still in effect.

Furthermore, outside of Da Xia there are still billions of Human Clan believers, who are under the control of outer realm gods, and their lies cannot yet be exposed.

"If you like them, take them in, I'll let you have them." Deng Yuxiang also showed humility, "If you want to protect him, you need a large number of believers to provide the Power of Faith."

Ran Sect has risen upon the corpses of the God Demons, thus it never lacks Origin Energy.

But the future will be different!

With the Ran Sect unifying Da Xia, there will no longer be opposing God Demons, and the warriors won't have the opportunity to eat and drink without restraint.

The only remaining targets for plundering are the minions of the Faceless Jade Venerable.

The Ran Sect warriors can acquire resources without harm, but at the same time, the warriors have to expend Source Energy to create minions to guard the Divine Mountains of the First, Second, and Third Heavens.

Thus, the Human Clan will become Ran Sect's foundation, continuously and stably providing the Power of Faith.

Presumably, this is one of the reasons why Lu Ran required Yan Shuangzi to descend to the mortal world.

"Mm." Yan Shuangzi replied perfunctorily, seemingly uninterested in discussing the matter further.

"It's said that two days ago, outer realm gods sent an envoy to visit the Lady?" Deng Yuxiang asked again.

Yan Shuangzi shook her head: "The Lady didn't allow me to disclose anything, don't ask."

"Ha." Deng Yuxiang snorted coldly, turning her head to look at Hu Jiaojiao, "This is our good girlfriend."

Hu Jiaojiao lowered her head, her body trembling a little involuntarily.

Even though the three of them have been through life and death together, once were close, the current gap is too large.

Every moment at the dining table was a great torment for her.

Yan Shuangzi slightly frowned and said, "After tomorrow's ceremony, you should temper Jiaojiao's bones and enhance her cultivation talent to help her grow quickly."

Deng Yuxiang glared at her sideways: "Do you need to remind me?"

In the small dinner gathering of only three individuals, both Deng Yuxiang and Yan Shuangzi felt more lively.

Yan Shuangzi glanced at her girlfriend who didn't dare to breathe loudly, a smile emerged on her face: "It's been half a month, and Yuxiang hasn't bestowed you any blessings.

Why don't you stop following her and join my sect, I'll give you blessings."

Deng Yuxiang also chuckled, carrying a hint of danger: "She dares!"

"Hmm~" Hu Jiaojiao shrank her neck, her entire being almost collapsing.

Logically, two gods personally competing for someone and vying to bestow blessings are considered a great honor for a Human Clan believer!

Her ancestral tomb would be constantly blessed, never ceasing.

But right at that moment, Hu Jiaojiao could hardly breathe.

These two girls, purely don't care!

She's almost been tormented to death, while they continue bickering here...

"Thump" all of a sudden, Hu Jiaojiao sprang to her feet.

Both Deng and Yan turned their eyes simultaneously.

Hu Jiaojiao immediately wilted, stammering: "I, will, go, catch, a breath..."

The chair got knocked over as Hu Jiaojiao stumbled her way out.

Leaving the two in the room, exchanging smiles.

"Get her a stone sculpture from little Lu Ran?" Deng Yuxiang laughed.

Yan Shuangzi hesitated, not feeling qualified to ask Lu Ran for anything.

However, thinking about it for Hu Jiaojiao...

If destined for endless ages, having one more close friend by one's side, following the master together... it wouldn't be bad.

"How about the Poison Flower-Poison Bee?" Deng Yuxiang mused.

Yan Shuangzi quietly pondered.

There are not many formidable God Demons left to choose from in the garden, Third-class God-Poison Bee is ideal and hasn't been inherited by the Ran Sect warriors.

The Poison Bee, like the North Wind Night Charm, is a Swift-type warrior, its entire body filled with poison.

However, the merged Third-class God Demon-Poison Flower Bee belongs to the northwest forces.

Thinking of this, Yan Shuangzi inevitably remembered March third.

Her expression darkened; she didn't like the master being hindered by others, yet reality is harsh, the Master of Ran Sect has to accept the challenge.

"What are you thinking about with such a bad expression?"

"March third." Yan Shuangzi uttered three words.

Deng Yuxiang understood instantly, saying: "He will win."

Upon saying that, she turned her head to look out the window, admiring the beautiful human scenery, murmuring in her heart:

He must win.

"Before the battle between the master and the Evil Spear Emperor, there are two life-and-death battles." Yan Shuangzi spoke somberly, "I plan to join the battle, please speak a few words for me at that time."

"Whom do you intend to fight?" Deng Yuxiang raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Spiritual Fortune."

"Spiritual Fortune?"

"Mm, the master hates him most, I'll do it."

"Ha." Deng Yuxiang snorted coldly, "You better line up."

Yan Shuangzi: "..."

Chapter 1074: Leader of All Gods

The first day of the new year came as expected.

In a certain house in Wulei River City, a young woman was watching her phone while eating breakfast.

"Live on, see it with your own eyes!"

"Don't fall before dawn."

"What if?"

On the phone screen, a young human in a feathered robe was flying over an ancient city.

His words were steady and powerful, so inspiring.

Until the woman saw the scene of him slowly descending and being surrounded by the masses again, she put down her chopsticks.

Her eyes reddened.

Excitement? Delight? Fanatical worship?

It didn't seem to be any of those.

It was more like... regret?

Wu Shanshan has watched this video countless times.

Lu Ran's supreme demeanor, as if he were ruling the world, left her in a stupor time and again.

In her memory, he was still a bleating little lamb.

Though unlike other Immortal Sheep Believers, during their time together, Lu Ran tried hard to show his fearless battle stance of a sheep.

But fundamentally, he was still a lamb that was despised by others.

Tough on the outside, timid on the inside.

No matter how well he performed, so what?

The more a person lacks, the harder they try to showcase it!

When faced with a truly powerful enemy, he would be the first to back down, surely the first to run away.

Who would want to team up with such a person?

At that time, Wu Shanshan, a disciple of Second-class God Ash, was assigned by the school to Lu Ran's team.

To be precise, it was Jiang Ruyi's team, teaming up with Lu Ran and Deng Yutang.

But after a single mission together, Wu Shanshan quickly withdrew and joined a top student's team.

Later, Lu Ran led his team to first place in every school exam, making Wu Shanshan more and more silent.

But no matter what, those were just simple tasks in high school.

Wu Shanshan kept convincing and comforting herself.

Lately, Lu Ran even shone brightly on the stage of "Heavenly Pride", reaching the top as the Pride of Da Xia.

Unmatched at the time!

Wu Shanshan couldn't deceive herself anymore, realizing clearly that she had misjudged.

This fighting sheep was truly not just tough on the outside; the way he was when they first teamed up, his consistency never wavered.

But so what then?

Missing it is just missing it.

He stood alone apart from the team, participated in "Heavenly Pride" by himself, and the team members didn't gain much benefit.

As "Heavenly Pride" concluded, he gradually faded from the public's view.

Wu Shanshan thought she'd never see him again in this lifetime; he was just a particularly brilliant shooting star in her life's journey.

Perhaps he had already fallen in some Demon Cave or battlefield.

Who would have thought, amid the massive fall of the gods, he reappeared before the world's eyes.

And he came bringing a group of new gods with him!

Now, Lu Ran is titled "Human God" by the people of Da Xia.

He is the God of the Human Clan.

Possibly also the leader of all gods.

Each of these Human Gods made Wu Shanshan feel incredulous, yet also willing to worship in awe.

But the young goddess statue in Jade Lonely City made Wu Shanshan's eyes redden again and again.

Jiang Ruyi!

The top student from Rain Alley First Middle School, Jiang Beauty.

Her high school classmate, and once her team captain, although... that team didn't last long.

Jiang Ruyi actually became a god?!

Following by Lu Ran's side, she became a god exalted above all, worshipped by billions.

The Goddess today is known as Xian Mo.

Wu Shanshan knew the origin of this name, at least knew the origin of the character "Mo".

Jiang Beauty often carried a faint jasmine fragrance in her hair.

He really liked to smell it...

No one knew how Wu Shanshan spent the past half month in a daze.

Once, she thought she only lost her continuous top performance.

No matter, a few more or few less points in minor high school assessments didn't matter much.

Later, she felt she missed the opportunity to become famous.

Lu Ran became the Pride of Da Xia!

If she were still in that team, without such friction in their relationship, just being by his side and presenting herself well, like Jiang Ruyi, what impact would she have had?

What kind of organizations or groups could she be part of?

But regret was useless now, Wu Shanshan could only accept it.

But now, seeing all that Jiang Ruyi had, she shattered softly.

She was clearly a disciple of Second-class God, with talents and combat power surpassing Jiang Ruyi!

If she had always stayed by Lu Ran's side, among the ranks of so many Human Gods, wouldn't she have her own place?

God...

To become a divine being renowned for ages, with mana beyond measure...

"Buzz! Buzz!"

The phone suddenly buzzed loudly.

Wu Shanshan snapped back to reality, seeing it was a call from her father. She quickly wiped her eyes and answered the call, "Dad?"

"Shanshan, are you up yet? It's half-past seven, and the God Worship ceremony is about to start. The nearest God Worship Platform to you..."

"I know, Dad, I knoooow..." Wu Shanshan couldn't hold back and whimpered aloud.

On the other end, there was a moment of silence.

How could a parent not know their daughter's growth path?

It's just fate toying with people.

"Dad, will Lu... Ran Shen and the gods, the gods know I... didn't accept, didn't..." Wu Shanshan choked, her thoughts chaotic.

"Shanshan, don't overthink. You're indeed a great power of the River Realm, but in the eyes of the gods, you might not be worth noticing."

Chapter 1075: Leader of All Gods (Part 2)

Wu Shanshan tightly bit her lower lip.

Bothered and regretful, she also felt apprehensive about the upcoming God Worship Ceremony.

"Ran Shen is someone we, the people of Da Xia, have watched grow up together."

"We all know what kind of young man he really is. You've interacted with him more than we have, so you know him better."

"Dad believes that such a big figure among All Gods, Da Xia's genius, will definitely not trouble or punish you over some unpleasant past events, definitely not..."

Under her father's repeated consolations, the girl's eyes were red and swollen as she stepped out of the house.

On the first day of the lunar year, the entire city was clad in silver.

The snow-covered streets still had remnants of red firecracker paper.

On the way to the stadium, people were shoulder to shoulder, full of jubilation.

Wu Shanshan really wanted to blend into the crowd.

But in the Human World, people from the River Realm are greatly powerful, respectfully known as the "Vast River."

People genuinely respected this young woman, even if they didn't know her past, they knew that someone with such powerful Realm must be shining brightly in some Domain, protecting fellow Human Clan members.

As for the girl with red and swollen eyes, it wasn't a rare sight.

In the crowded streets and alleys, some were cheering, some were crying tears of joy.

People who lost the protection of their God had been terrified for far too long, and they had waited for far too long.

Those who had endured dark and oppressive lives for years had suffered for so long.

Now, the number one Heavenly Pride, recognized by the Da Xia officials and millions, led All Gods to descend and personally told the world:

This world will not always be this way.

Don't give up, see it for yourself! Do not fall before the dawn...

His name is Lu Ran.

He is also named Hope.

He is human.

And he is also the one-of-a-kind Human God uplifted by the people.

"Dong! Dong! Dong..."

The clock struck eight in the morning, echoing across the various districts of the city.

The much-respected great power of River Realm, Wu Shanshan, was courteously led to the front row.

As the provincial capital, Wu Lie River had not just one Vast River, but Wu Shanshan was noticeably young and was respectfully given precedence by the seniors.

The future of Da Xia surely lies in this younger generation.

Perhaps out of worry, or fear of punishment, Wu Shanshan deferred and deferred, yet still didn't go up first.

The first to step onto the God Worship Platform was an elderly woman with white hair.

She clasped her hands together and knelt in devout worship.

The clamorous venue quickly fell into silence.

second, 2 seconds, 3 seconds...

"Hoo!!"

A massive phantom of a God suddenly appeared above the God Worship Platform.

It was the phantom of a maiden God, dressed in a black dress, with a tall and lithe figure and cascading black hair, like a graceful black swan.

Her posture and attire were undoubtedly goddess-like, yet the maiden was born charming and adorable.

Her crescent-moon-like smiley eyes looked like two beautiful crescents.

Such a dignified God, yet surprisingly exuding a mischievous vibe?

In the hands of the maiden God, she held a delicate eight-sided lantern, symbolizing her Divine Technique.

"Wow, Lady Yuanxi!"

"Ha! Ran Shen's little sister, I've seen her in 'Heavenly Pride,' so cute aaah!"

"Yes, yes! When she gets angry, her cheeks puff up, I've got screenshots, haha!"

"How bold! Daring to make fun of our Lord God? Later, she'll catch you all in her lantern and burn you to ashes~"

"Blasphemy, blasphemy, God, forgive us! I'll kowtow, no, no, I'll kowtow several times..."

The atmosphere was exceedingly lively.

Such a scene could never occur in past God Worship Ceremonies.

Yet, here it was, people feeling not only respect and awe for certain beings in the new divine sequence but also a deep sense of familiarity.

But soon enough, the enormous stadium fell into silence once more.

Because the gaze of the maiden God was covering them.

Everyone was momentarily terrified, realizing they might have angered a God, the dark mass of people bowed down.

They evidently misunderstood.

The maiden God was merely carefully sensing, "listening" to the prayers of the beings from a divine height.

Though people hadn't yet made a contract with her, she could genuinely feel strands of energy flowing towards her.

This Power of Faith was the humble beings petitioning to their God, and on another level, presenting everything to the God.

And so, the maiden God and the devoutly praying people established a wondrous connection.

Roughly observing their inner selves, sensing their essence.

After a long time, the maiden God, holding the lantern, illuminated many people among the crowd.

The staff quickly responded, rushing to gather everyone emanating the golden-red glow onto the platform.

Some people were overjoyed, unable to contain their excitement; others were filled with apprehensive awe, hastily responding to the call.

There were also a few individuals standing in place, unsure of what to do.

Everyone has their own aspirations.

The Yuanxi faction was undoubtedly a supportive stream, not suitable for everyone.

This... what should we do?

The young goddess did not force them and extinguished the golden-red light on these individuals.

The people, knowing they did not appreciate what was good, were immensely grateful for the young goddess's magnanimity, constantly apologizing and admitting their mistakes.

Lord Yuanxi did not impose punishment. After taking in many disciples, she dispersed with the wind...

"Great! It's done!"

"Oh! Oh!"

"Clap, clap, clap!" Cheers and applause erupted simultaneously, celebrating their fellow's successful worship of the gods and bidding farewell to the young goddess.

"Next." The staff hurriedly maintained order and continued the process.

The Lord God could do as they pleased, and selecting many at once was an honor for the people.

But human worship of the gods must be proper and profoundly devout, taking turns to worship in an orderly manner.

Wu Shanshan, whose eyes were still puffy, was finally brought onto the God Worship Platform.

"Phew..."

Wu Shanshan took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, calming her emotions.

She knelt down slowly, bringing her palms together, lowering her head, offering her most devout attitude to all gods, and calling upon the name of that lord.

"Lord Luo Ying, Lord Luo Ying... Jiang..."

Wu Shanshan's heart tightened, quickly gathering her thoughts.

As a former disciple of Ash, she had arduously trained her archery skills for so long, naturally wanting to reclaim the corresponding Divine Technique and follow under the tutelage of Lord Luo Ying.

But Wu Shanshan's mind was really messy.

Once she prayed to the newly descended gods, she couldn't help but think of Lu Ran and Jiang Ruyi.

"Phew!!"

Amidst a chorus of astonished cries, another divine shadow descended upon the world.

With a bamboo hat on her head and a straw raincoat draped over her shoulders, she looked down at the beings beneath her.

"Lord Luo Ying!"

"Ah, ah, ah! A Second-class God, it's actually a Second-class God... marvelous!"

The restless crowd's cries were abruptly cut off.

Because another terrifying energy fluctuation spread, another sky-covering divine shadow descended.

"Hmm?" Luo Ying frowned slightly, turning her head to look.

The discipleship of the gods from the Ran Sect should not lead to competition.

Undeniably, the Ran Sect had many members, each with a different personality, and you couldn't expect everyone to get along harmoniously.

Yet, everyone clustered tightly around Lu Ran, their bonds as life-and-death comrades ensuring mutual respect and affection, with very little friction occurring, and efforts made to avoid conflict.

But at this moment...

Luo Ying wanted to see who this intruder was, wondering if it might be those old gods.

But in the next instant, Luo Ying was stunned, quickly kneeling on one knee, bowing her head respectfully:

"Lady."

This scene left all beings dumbfounded!

A god actually bowed and saluted another god?

"Huh??"

"Lord Luo Ying is a Second-class God! Jiang... Lady Xian Mo must be a Third-class God?"

"Lady? Lord Luo Ying addresses her as Lady, could it be?"

"Damn! I said it! I said Lu Ran is the leader of all gods! And you didn't believe me!"

"Leader of all Gods, huh..."

"My goodness! Lord Luo Ying is being so respectful! Lu Ran, what exactly is he... he's truly..."

The crowd was at a loss for words, having never witnessed such a scene.

All knew that gods are ranked, with higher power and status leading to a higher position.

Yet even on the God Worship Platform, if a Weak God encountered a stronger god poaching followers, at most, they would step aside.

They wouldn't perform such reverent salutes!

Amidst the chaos inside and outside the venue, Wu Shanshan could no longer hear anything.

At this moment, she widened her eyes, craning her neck to look at that unfamiliar yet familiar vast figure.

Jiang Beauty... hmm, was Lady Xian Mo summoned by her?

Was it because her mind was too chaotic, always filled with Jiang Ruyi and Lu Ran, that she...

"Ah!" Wu Shanshan covered her mouth with one hand, her body trembling with fear.

Because Jiang Ruyi looked down expressionlessly, her cold gaze already enveloping the insignificant beings.

...

Chapter 1076: The Pinnacle of the Human Clan

The arrival of Xian Mo's residual shadow is undoubtedly a visual feast for the world!

Clad in a noble and magnificent phoenix robe, she accentuates her tall and graceful figure, with her jet-black long hair flowing down like a waterfall, scattered behind her without any adornment.

Her fair and enchanting face shows no expression, exuding an aura of terrifying divinity.

What captivates most is her eyes, in stark contrast to the newly arrived young goddess, lacking in smiles and wit.

Only a cold stillness remains.

When she lowered her eyes to look down, her icy gaze seemed to penetrate the flesh of all beings, staring directly into their souls.

Standing high in the sky, her phoenix robe fluttered without wind, revealing an inherent nobility arising from her realm's suppression and unique majesty as a supreme existence.

The number of gods within the Ran Sect is not small.

But there are only two leaders among all gods.

Wu Shanshan bowed her head, her body shivering.

Compared to suffering and worry, her heart was filled with more fear.

Unexpectedly, there was a slight expression on Xian Mo's residual shadow's face, a slight frown, as if pondering something.

In the eyes of many, the Lord God seemed somewhat displeased; on the God Worship Platform, the woman must have committed some grave sin!

In the deathly silence, Jiang Ruyi's brows slightly relaxed.

She remembered!

She finally recalled who the tiny human tribe on the God Worship Platform was.

Jiang Ruyi couldn't help but feel a trace of emotion.

She is very young, only twenty-three years old, yet she has experienced so much.

It feels like she has lived three lifetimes.

The Human World, the Mountain Realm, the Heavenly Realm.

Each world seemed like a long life.

The Human World, where she stayed the longest, also seemed the most distant.

On Holy Spirit Mountain, she experienced all forms of worldly suffering. When she crawled out of the abyss, it felt like she had lived a whole life.

On the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, she led her team to battle in all directions, tracing the sources of suffering.

Every life-and-death battle with the God Demon Camp, every shattered Divine and Evil Sculpture, seemed like an account of her past life's cycle.

So Jiang Ruyi felt very emotional.

She's just twenty-three, only five years since graduating high school, but she has already completely forgotten those images from those years.

Hmm... It's not important.

Once a passerby, now part of the multitude.

Jiang Ruyi closed her eyes, carefully sensing the Power of Faith flowing in due to people's prayers, selecting some suitable believers.

With a wave of her jade hand, the phoenix robe gently danced.

A faint Immortal Fog drifted down, settling among the crowd.

Moments later, the awe-inspiring Xian Mo's residual shadow vanished between heaven and earth.

Wu Shanshan felt the pressure reduce drastically, naturally realizing that Jiang Ruyi's gaze had just lingered on her, pausing for a moment.

She also realized that the other party did not recognize her.

Wu Shanshan's initial terror gradually subsided, quickly replaced by bitterness.

She had been so worried before.

Worried about her life and the fate of her future life...

Now it seems it was all unnecessary.

The Lord God doesn't remember her at all, or doesn't care.

Everything was just like what her father said on the phone when she left home, that she wasn't worth noticing... Wait!

How could she go unnoticed?

Wu Shanshan suddenly remembered she was still on the God Worship Platform.

She hadn't yet been taken in by a god, and didn't yet have a Divine Technique to use!

Wu Shanshan hurriedly lifted her head, just in time to see Lord Luo Ying slowly rise.

Immediately, Wu Shanshan's complexion turned pale.

Everyone just saw it; Lord Luo Ying respectfully saluted Jiang Ruyi.

Maybe Jiang Ruyi disdains to pay attention to the tiny human tribe, but those who revere her, like Lord Luo Ying, perhaps will...

"Hoo~"

A wisp of Immortal Fog descended, merging into Wu Shanshan's body.

Wu Shanshan was both startled and delighted, nearly moved to tears, realizing once again she took herself too seriously.

The God Worship ceremony continued, wave after wave of believers being taken in by the gods.

And this ceremony will last for a full three days, with another round on the seventh day of the lunar calendar.

No choice, the number of masterless believers is too many.

Meanwhile, the Da Xia officials, following the instructions conveyed by the Ran Sect, repeatedly emphasized to society the need to be fully prepared on the fifteenth of the first lunar month.

The battle is not over.

Indeed, on the fifteenth of the first lunar month, there will be an invasion by Evil Demons.

The authorities did not explain, but internally within the Ran Sect, it has already been decided.

Regardless of whether the Evil Spear Emperor makes a move, the Ran Sect will dispatch their demons to invade the Human World on the night of the fifteenth.

After all, besides the Da Xia war zone, there are four other major war zones in the world, and the unusual situation on the fifteenth of the last lunar month has already drawn significant attention from Outer Realm God Demons.

The fate of billions of people still rests in the hands of Outer Realm God Demons.

The Ran Sect cannot act arbitrarily.

However, under the absolute control of the Ran Sect, the intensity of the demon invasion will be appropriately reduced.

Transforming the Human World on the night of the fifteenth into a training and enhancement ground for human warriors.

This strategic decision was personally made by Jiang Ruyi after discussing it with her advisors.

The Sect Master's wife showed great responsibility, clearly expressing to her subordinates:

When Lu Ran succeeds in advancing and inquires, she will take full responsibility.

On some future day, when all truths are revealed, if the Ran Sect becomes a target of public criticism, Jiang Ruyi is also prepared to take responsibility for Lu Ran.

The days passed by one after another.

The fifteenth day of the first lunar month arrived as expected.

Demons from the Ran Sect, including Rou Paperman, Mud Mountain Pig, Bamboo Wood Demon, Blood Disaster Dog, Straw Demon, and others, appeared in the streets and alleys all over Da Xia.

The demons mainly came from Mist Realm, Stream Realm, and River Realm.

Occasionally, a few Jiang Realm Demon Lords were thrown into the great cities with strong defensive forces.

The "tradition" that had lasted over forty years had returned.

But it came with a stark difference.

On the night of the fifteenth day of the Winter Month last year, the Human World was a slaughterhouse for demons.

On the fifteenth night of the first lunar month this year, Da Xia seemed like a kindergarten for demons...

Interestingly, as the Ran Sect took action, the Northwest Camp also moved.

But it was clear to see, the Evil Gods of the Northwest Camp were also very restrained, and the demons invading the Human World were generally of low Realm strength.

Before the leaders of both sides could determine the winner, it seemed the Evil Gods were also leaving themselves a way out?

The turmoil of the outside world was completely unknown to Lu Ran.

He stayed in the distant Holy Spirit Mountain, in the underground seclusion room of his home, completely focused on breaking through.

The breakthrough process for someone in the Heavenly Realm often lasts twenty to thirty days.

And every extra second, the body of the Human Clan receives an extra amount of nourishment, so a shorter breakthrough time would actually be at a disadvantage.

Of course, the Human Clan finds it very difficult to control the duration.

Even in the Majestic Heaven Realm, one must leave it to fate.

Lu Ran continued to break through and advance day after day, until the twenty-first day of the first lunar month, when an unexpected event occurred!

The First-rank Magical Artifact, Blood Crystal Mask, unexpectedly entered the upgrade mode!

Magical Artifacts differ from Divine Weapons, being much more independent.

When casting spells, they do not need to work hand in hand with their masters; even in cultivation and upgrading, they do not need to be connected through heart thoughts with their masters.

So when the Blood Crystal Mask suddenly tightened, it startled Lu Ran!

Before Lu Ran could rejoice, the mask clung firmly to his face, growing increasingly tight, eventually nearly sealing off his nose and mouth, leaving him completely unable to breathe.

As if it were going to murder its master...

Lu Ran could hardly stand it and reached out to remove the mask.

But the Blood Crystal Mask was at a critical point in its upgrade process and wanted to maintain the status quo, unwilling to leave.

Lu Ran didn't dare to use too much force, fearing he might accidentally crush it.

In the tug-of-war between master and artifact, Lu Ran became completely numb.

Although he was in the Heavenly Realm, he hadn't completely transcended his flesh, and he needed to breathe to stay alive!

Lu Ran could indeed forcibly remove the mask, but doing so could ruin the artifact's upgrade.

"Hey ~ buddy! Sticking is sticking, but give me some air..."

"Buzz~" The Blood Crystal Mask trembled slightly, loosening at first and then firmly sticking to the lower half of Lu Ran's face.

It really just gave a little...

Reluctant to separate for a moment.

"Um." Suddenly, Lu Ran had a brainwave!

He immediately stood up, stumbling as he walked outside.

After all, both Lu Ran and the artifact were in the process of upgrading, and his body was still shrouded in Fog Dragon Roll, so he couldn't directly instant teleport, only move smoothly.

Lu Ran walked out of Tianya Residence and headed towards the sea cliff, taking hold of the descending Fog Dragon Roll and landing on the rocks of the beach.

"Splash~"

Waves crashed against the shore, splashing all over Lu Ran.

Around Lu Ran, Divine Power surged, and from his waist down, a long silver-white mermaid tail emerged, wrapping his legs within, transforming him into a mermaid.

He lay on the rock, letting the beautiful fish tail immerse in the waves, finally feeling "alive" again.

Members of the Shadow Guard Team who had escorted him all along were somewhat puzzled.

Wasn't Sect Master advancing smoothly? Why did he suddenly come to the seaside for a bath?

"Buzz!"

The upgrade of the artifact was abrupt, the Fog Dragon Roll came quickly and went quickly.

In less than twenty minutes, it had already upgraded to a Second-rank Magical Artifact.

The Blood Crystal Mask became even more exquisite!

Its entire body emitted bizarre blood light, with strands of bloodlines swaying, sometimes converging into streams, and then dispersing into fog, filling the entire crystal surface.

Lu Ran had no mind to celebrate, nor time to inquire about the functions of the Second-rank Magical Artifact.

He guarded his mind and continued to frantically absorb the fog surging from heaven and earth.

He compressed it with all his might, condensing it into streams, merging it into the torrent flowing within his body, and integrating it into the boundless ocean.

He allowed the majestic Divine Power to fill his entire physique, nourishing every corner of his body.

Finally, within the vast sea of Divine Power, he purified strands of Holy Spirit Energy to strengthen and transform his body.

Lu Ran remained on the rock for eight days.

The glamorous fish tail below him also soaked in the sea for eight days...

On the twenty-ninth day of the first lunar month, a fierce wave of air exploded from Lu Ran's body, even the rock beneath him was shattered into webs of fragments.

"Whew!!"

"Ah~~~" Lu Ran couldn't help but let out a groan, stretching viciously.

This felt so comfortable!

The level of comfort experienced when advancing within the Heavenly Realm rank is truly something that ordinary people cannot comprehend.

The terrifying physical strength, the immensely abundant stamina, and that nearly uncontrollable strength, gave Lu Ran an illusion of being able to crush all things in heaven and earth.

Incredibly exhilarating!

Physically like this, and mentally even more delightful.

This is the Third Level of the Heavenly Realm!

The utmost Peak of the Human Clan!

...

Chapter 1077: Tales of the Cape

The sea breeze whispers, the sky blue as if washed.

The fog-covered Tianya Haijiao has finally cleared up. Due to the continuous advancement of Ran Sect soldiers, this is actually the first time the island has seen clear skies in over three months!

In such a cultivation environment, if the Ran Sect soldiers didn't grow quickly, that would be bizarre.

The waves crash against the rocks, sending splashes that wet the mermaid lying sideways on the stone.

"Hmm~~~"

Lu Ran closed his eyes, letting out an extremely contented nasal sound.

At this moment, whether or not he became a god seemed to no longer matter. Lu Ran felt a peculiar sense of having "completed the level."

As a human,

he had come to stand by his mother's side, standing shoulder to shoulder at the pinnacle of the Human Clan.

To go further up would be of a different nature entirely.

Requiring the departure from the mountain beneath one's feet, to fly towards the sky...

Not far away, at the edge of a sea cliff only twenty or thirty meters high, a tall woman stood quietly, watching the young man on the rocks, a hint of joy on her face.

Her gaze quickly caught the attention of the merman youth.

Lu Ran looked up and smiled: "Long time no see."

"Ranbao, congratulations!" Chang Ying also showed a sweet smile.

The dark-skinned girl didn't quite match Lu Ran's aesthetic.

A simple black pearl would be fine, but the issue was Chang Ying's tall and robust stature, resembling a female savage from a primitive tribe.

She exuded a sense of vitality, with ample and vigorous energy and a regular monthly rhythm.

But it must be said, strength is rejuvenating!

Now that Chang Ying has reached the Heavenly Realm, although her appearance hasn't changed, her temperament is undeniably extraordinary and refined!

Her white robe surpasses the snow, fluttering in the sea breeze, combined with the awe-inspiring majesty unique to someone of the Heavenly Realm, forcefully pulling the female savage back into the ranks of the Immortals.

That loose white robe belonged to Lu Ran.

To this day, Lu Ran had given away two of his robes, one to Wu Xiao and the other to Chang Ying.

It couldn't be called giving, because at the time, due to circumstances, both were either clothed in rags or entirely without clothing, so Lu Ran temporarily lent them his robes.

Both continued to wear them, showing no intention of returning them.

Wu Xiao donned that white robe to transform into a Stone Sculpture, and then again into a God.

Judging by this, Chang Ying also seemed ready to become a Stone Sculpture in that image.

"Boom!"

Chang Ying leaped down heavily, landing forcefully on the beach, creating a pit on the ground.

Lu Ran: "..."

I just praised you as an Immortal, and now you crash down like this?

Chang Ying leapt from the pit again, landing precisely beside Lu Ran lying on the rocks: "Third Level of Heavenly Realm?"

"Yes." Lu Ran urged the Smoke Green Gauze to cast a spell to prevent Chang Ying from suffering pressure.

Sometimes, Lu Ran really felt the world was unfair to him.

Facing powerful God Demons, he always felt fearful, yet when weaker beings faced him, they could chat and laugh freely.

Tsk~

This seat is still too gentle with this world...

Lu Ran wiggled his ornate fish tail, inching half a meter forward to the edge of the rock, looking down with a smile at the dark-skinned girl below:

"In a moment, I'll help you merge with the Stone Sculpture. Within a week, you'll also reach the Third Level of Heavenly Realm."

A week!

Spanning two levels!

Hearing this, Chang Ying was both joyful and amazed.

At the Sea Realm rank, even if one's talent was high and luck was great, it took at least half a year to improve a small rank.

Tianya Haijiao, without a doubt, is the world's top cultivation place.

Soldiers found results with half the effort, but it still took about four months to increase a small rank.

Lu Ran said himself, it would only take a week for her to jump from the First Level directly to the Third Level of Heavenly Realm.

Such a miracle could only be accomplished by him.

Chang Ying's expression grew increasingly complex.

"What's wrong?" Lu Ran folded his arms, rested his chin on them, and looked down at his once carefree classmate.

Along this journey, everyone was growing. Her changes were unbelievably vast, far from her former innocent and lively self.

What a pity.

"I... we can reach the pinnacle in just a few days, yet you must cultivate for so long." Chang Ying said softly, one hand resting on the wet rocks.

As she spoke, her fingers poked one small hole after another into the rocks.

This scene ironically brought Lu Ran a hint of her former self.

"It's actually not that bad." Lu Ran smiled, "I advanced to the Second Level of Heavenly Realm on the seventh of last July. Today is..."

"The twenty-ninth of the first month." Chang Ying immediately responded.

"Yes, it's been only six or seven months, quite fast." Lu Ran said casually, suddenly remembering something, "In the coming days, I'll help you reach the Third Level of Heavenly Realm, and in another month, I'll send you to the Divine Altar!"

Chang Ying immediately realized something, clenching her fists: "Ranbao is going to deal with the Spiritual Fortune?"

"Yes, but you might not be able to act directly." Lu Ran explained, shaking his head.

Chang Ying became anxious and quickly said, "After reaching the Third Level of Heavenly Realm, my strength will be sufficient. I can enter the Heavenly Realm Battlefield to fight for you!"

In fact, even when she was at the Sea Realm, she had already followed the Ran Sect team into battles on the Heavenly Realm Battlefield.

As a Prophet, she always ensured the safety of the team members' lives, completing tasks excellently.

Now that her strength had soared, she believed she could assist Lu Ran even more.

"You're mistaken." Lu Ran shook his head and explained, "The battle with the Spiritual Fortune will be very special, a life-and-death duel."

"Ah?" Chang Ying blinked her eyes.

"So, you just wait to devour the Spiritual Fortune Divine Soul, transform into a god, and then descend to the human world to protect the common people of Da Xia."

Chang Ying opened her mouth, her expression somewhat dim, but in the end, she said nothing.

"Yingying, the death of the Spiritual Fortune doesn't mean everything is smooth." Lu Ran, understanding her expression, spoke softly.

He reached out and tidied her short hair, which had been tousled by the sea breeze, and continued, "We still have many enemies, like the gods and demons from the other four war zones, and the Faceless Jade Venerable."

Once you become my Spiritual Fortune, make sure to shine brightly."

"I will!" Chang Ying suddenly raised her head, her eyes determined.

"Hmm." Lu Ran smiled in response, then suddenly turned his head to look into the distance.

With the crisp, pleasant sound of bells, a woman wearing a golden veil and a golden long dress flew over—Golden Sparrow.

The woman was once the Pavilion Master of Sky Sparrow Pavilion and now bore many formidable titles.

For instance, a third-class successor of the Evil God-Nine Nether Bird.

And also, one of the eight Divine Generals of the Ran Sect.

In those past days, Lu Ran set foot on the Holy Spirit Mountain, saving many living beings and recruiting many great generals.

The seeds planted in the past have now borne fruit, how can one not rejoice?

At this stage, the Ran Sect occupies many divine mountains and is constantly fending off foreign enemies, needing manpower!

"Ring ring~ ring~"

The clear sound of bells followed the woman in the golden dress.

Golden Sparrow saluted respectfully, her voice soft, "Sect Leader, you summoned Sparrow."

Lu Ran smirked, "You've advanced to the Heavenly Realm and didn't even report to me?"

"Lately, Sparrow has been consolidating her power and realm... um."

As she spoke, Golden Sparrow suddenly realized she shouldn't explain, much less talk back, immediately lowering her head, "I'm sorry."

Lu Ran: "..."

"Sparrow was wrong; I won't dare next time." Golden Sparrow whispered, displaying a delicate and frail demeanor, quite unbecoming of a great Heavenly Realm power.

Yet somehow, it did not feel out of place!

No wonder she's a good friend of Little Yuanxi.

She's something else~

"Ahem." Lu Ran coughed, "It's not like that; both of you get inside the gourd first, I'll take you two to merge with the stone sculptures."

"Yes."

"Yes!"

Lu Ran took out the Fiery Phoenix Patterned Gourd, putting the two generals inside.

What followed was something he was well-versed at, entering the gourd himself, and retrieving the respective stone sculptures from the Sculpture Garden.

After only a few minutes, Lu Ran flew out, the Treasure Gourd slung behind his waist.

He finally had time to pay attention to his second-rank magical artifact·Blood Crystal Mask.

"I say, next time restrain yourself a bit; you almost suffocated me." Lu Ran complained, tapping the elegant mask.

The Blood Crystal Mask remained silent.

"By the way, what's the effect of your second power?" Lu Ran removed the mask, examining it closely.

It seemed even more bizarrely red, almost looking "alluring."

The Blood Crystal Mask narrated its abilities, leaving Lu Ran dumbfounded!

The first effect of the mask is to summon a blood mask, covering the lower half of the target's face, with blood threads stitching the mouth, sealing the throat, forbidding the target from speaking.

This method prevents any spell from being cast orally by the target, including but not limited to War Cry Techniques.

Objectively, the blood mask can also suffocate and kill the target.

The second effect of the Blood Crystal Mask extends from the physical seal to the spiritual level!

The enemy "stitched and sealed" by the blood mask will be hit by a special spiritual shock.

It's a fear effect, continuously eroding the enemy's mind, making the thought of "not making a sound" frantically accumulate in their consciousness.

If they do make a sound, what would happen?

No one knows!

No need to know, for the unknown is the scariest.

In other words, the second-rank magical artifact·Blood Crystal Mask can impose a double seal on the enemy at two levels.

Under the blood mask, all things fall silent!

"Wow~" Lu Ran gently stroked the blood face, "You're quite domineering."

The physical level of silencing was already something.

But then, engraving a mental imprint in the enemy's mind as well?

"Sigh..." Lu Ran sighed again, "If only you'd come sooner; during the battle at Thunder Mountain, I wouldn't have had to worry about the War Cry roars of those Dong Ting disciples."

[Now, it's too late.]

"Well, not too late."

Lu Ran fastened the mask back on, comforting, "We still have many enemies! If you can advance to the Fourth Rank, you will surely shine in future battles."

When facing the outer realm gods and demons, and the Faceless Jade Venerable in the future, with just a thought, I can stitch those bastards' mouths and throats shut!

Where the eyes reach, all gods fall silent!

Isn't that cool?

[Hmm.] The Blood Crystal Mask responded and fell silent.

"Ah~~~" Lu Ran stretched his long limbs to the fullest, then relaxed with a deep, fierce yawn.

The twenty-ninth of the first month, about a month left before the battle with the Evil Spear Emperor.

Must prepare well!

...

Chapter 1078: Four Directions Heavenly Emperor?

A week later, the southwestern part of the Heavenly Realm Battlefield, Immortal Mo Divine Mountain.

The Immortal Mo Divine Sculpture stood quietly at the mountain peak, surrounded by a total of six jade stone tablets. Each jade stone tablet measured 30 meters in length and 20 meters in width.

For the gods, they were as large as palm-sized objects, while for the Human Clan, they resembled basketball courts...

Among them, four were made of white jade, while the other two were black jade.

Previously, the two Ghost Talismans had always been in a gray hue; now they had transformed into a deep black and glossy black jade!

They emitted a mysterious luster throughout.

How much had their level improved?

Just as the Immortal Sheep Lord had mentioned before, these six jade stone tablets were a complete set of magic artifacts, only that the two Ghost Talismans had been lost outside for too long, and the Ghost Talisman Doll had not been able to utilize them well.

Now, all six jade stone tablets recognized Jiang Ruyi as their master and reunited under their new owner, gradually regaining their brilliance.

The god demons who had surrendered to the Ran Sect also reported to the Ran Sect Lady: after assembling this complete set of magic artifacts, each jade stone tablet was no longer fighting alone.

They could share each other's abilities, maintain synchronized coordination, and thus achieve the effect of deploying an array, with considerable power.

After two months of meticulous research, Fairy Jiang had already become thoroughly familiar with this set of magic artifacts.

Just unsure which god demon would have the honor to become the first dead soul under her set of magic artifacts...

At this moment, the Immortal Mo Stone Sculpture held its right hand aloft, with two small figures standing atop its fingers.

One was Jiang Ruyi's Heavenly Realm physical form, and the other was the Cloud Sea Sect Master, Qiao Wanjun.

Standing side by side, they both looked into the distance at the sky covered with dark clouds, where two figures—one large and one small—were engaged in fierce combat.

Yan Chou VS Lu Ran!

The Fake God, Yan Chou Stone Sculpture, was naturally there as a sparring partner, only using the Evil Technique of the Evil Spear Emperor, stirring up black clouds throughout the heavens, with countless long spears of black cloud shuttling vigorously.

This particular battle not only tugged at the minds of Qiao and Jiang but also attracted many Faceless Jade Venerables to stop and observe.

As a result, the intensity of the Jade Venerable Clan attacking the Divine Mountain significantly diminished.

It clearly demonstrated how thrilling the battle between one person and a Fake God was!

"The pressure from a Fake God is still too little for Ranran." Qiao Wanju spoke softly, watching the youthful Human Clan figure on the battlefield who was at ease.

"Yes." Jiang Ruyi agreed.

Indeed, Yan Chou seemed like a True God, possessing an immense stone sculpture body, but in essence, he was at the Third Level of the Heavenly Realm.

His physical attributes and casting intensity were worlds apart from that of a real god!

The hardware conditions were incomparable, but fortunately, the "software" aspect was sufficient.

In terms of spear technique, martial arts, and battle experience, Yan Chou was undoubtedly top-notch in the world.

As a former Believer of the Evil Spear Emperor, he inherited several battle habits from the Evil God to help Lu Ran familiarize himself with the enemy's combat patterns.

"The pressure is insufficient, and if this sparring continues, it might be disadvantageous for Ranran." Qiao Wanju frowned slightly.

If Lu Ran engaged the Evil Spear Emperor in battle, and out of habit, carried the current combat intensity into a particular round or move, it could spell disaster.

Jiang Ruyi hesitated for a moment: "Should we stop this sparring?"

Qiao Wanju pondered for a moment before saying, "Has Ranran communicated with the Immortal Sheep after advancing to the peak of the Heavenly Realm?"

"No." Jiang Ruyi shook her head.

Qiao Wanju appeared slightly surprised and turned to look at the girl.

Logically, an outsider could not provide such a definitive answer, since Lu Ran was the Immortal Sheep Believer, and if he communicated with the gods privately, others wouldn't know.

Jiang Ruyi helplessly shook her head: "Lu Ran has always avoided mentioning becoming a god or inheriting the Immortal Sheep God Sculpture matter."

She spoke accurately, as Lu Ran was indeed avoiding it.

He did not want the Immortal Sheep Lord to leave.

Additionally, there was something Jiang Ruyi couldn't explicitly say: the Immortal Sheep Lord was resurrecting Lu Ran's father.

Since last year's third day of the twelfth lunar month, it had been over two months.

There was still no result.

If the All Gods were considered omnipotent, then in the minds of Lu Ran and others, the Immortal Sheep Lord was a far more mysterious and powerful existence than the All Gods!

Yet even the Sheep General had spent such a long time on the resurrection matter.

Indeed, the line between life and death was an insurmountable chasm.

Jiang Ruyi knew that Lu Ran had been scolded by the Immortal Sheep Lord before and dared not to rashly disturb him again.

"Auntie, you know his temperament, the Immortal Sheep Lord has shown him great kindness, he..."

"Yes." Qiao Wanju sighed inwardly.

Mother and son had unknowingly embarked on the same path and stopped at the same point.

Qiao Wanju knew that by transforming into the Sword One Divine Statue, her own power would soar, and she could become the Stabilizing Needle of Da Xia.

It would pacify the restless god demons within the four Outer Realm battle zones, and she would have sufficient leverage to face the Faceless Jade Venerable.

But she couldn't do that.

Sword One had shown her grace, not only saving her but also her children.

Qiao Wanju would do everything possible to fulfill Lord Jian Yi's last wish.

Similarly, Lu Ran also understood that by inheriting the Immortal Sheep God Sculpture and obtaining a divine position, he would have an unlimited increase in his chances in a life-and-death battle with the Evil Spear Emperor.

But he couldn't do that.

And from the bottom of his heart, he resisted.

"Ha!" From afar, a battle roar resounded.

The Evil Spear Emperor Clan did not possess the Battle Roar Technique, but Yan Chou was so enthusiastic in his killing that he pointed his black cloud spear toward the sky.

In an instant, from the dense black clouds, numerous spear tips emerged!

They were countless, covering the sky.

A rainstorm formed by long spears of black mist poured down, causing the Mad Immortal protector to grin in disbelief.

Qiao Wanju's gaze followed the figure weaving through the "long spear rainstorm" and spoke softly, "Has he decided on the participants for the battles against Spiritual Fortune and Lie Tian?"

Chapter 1079: Four Directions Heavenly Emperor?

Suddenly, Si Xianxian looked over, a trace of longing in her eyes.

Lie Tian had always been her imagined adversary!

However, the words of the Lady of the Ran Sect made Sister Xian'er a little deflated: "Lu Ran wants to send the Wind Emperor and the Martial Emperor into battle."

"Wind and Martial Emperor." Qiao Wanju mused.

One is a female Martial Monk, the other is a Great Martial Artist!

Both are First-class Gods standing at the peak of Gods and Demons, among whom Wu Xiao even holds a Double Divine Position of Martial Artist and Yin Flower Dan.

In the Ran Sect, there indeed are too many brilliant stars.

Wu Xiao's personal character and way of living in the world inevitably made him low-key.

Only when the sea is turbulent can the true colors of a hero emerge!

In moments of true life and death, when seeing the true outcome, Lu Ran directly named Wu Xiao.

This objectively indicates that the Martial Emperor is at a top-tier level of combat power within the Ran Sect God Sequence!

Appointed personally by the Master of Ran Sect!

"Wind Emperor versus Spiritual Fortune, Martial Emperor versus Lie Tian?" Qiao Wanjuin inquired.

"Yes." Jiang Ruyi nodded gently, not surprised that Qiao Wanjuin could analyze it, "I plan to talk to Lu Ran about replacing the Wind Emperor myself."

Xian Mo VS Spiritual Fortune?

Qiao Wanjuin's mind swiftly went through the techniques of both sides, secretly shaking her head.

Jiang Ruyi is indeed quite strong, but Spiritual Fortune is an all-round presence!

There isn't a single aspect in which it's not skilled—attack, defense, control, summoning, support.

You really can't consider Spiritual Fortune as merely a Fourth-class God!

It's because Spiritual Fortune resorted to every means possible to gather Power of Faith, causing its sect's Divine Techniques to have significant drawbacks, thereby dropping in the Great Xia Divine Sequence to the fourth rank.

In a real and genuine fight, its status as a First-class God Demon remains unshakable.

None of the likes of Four Directions Warlords, Eight Heavenly Demons, Twelve Earthly Fiends—whether they are Second-class or Third-class Gods and Demons—would dare assure their victory over Spiritual Fortune if asked.

Lu Ran's choice is undoubtedly correct.

Considering the characteristics of the Spiritual Sign Sect's techniques, sending in the high-offense and high-defense Wind Emperor is appropriate.

"Why participate in the battle personally?" Qiao Wanju did not rush to deny it but asked instead, "Do you hate Spiritual Fortune?"

Jiang Ruyi slowly shook her head, her lips gently parted:

"He hates Spiritual Fortune a lot."

Qiao Wanju's expression paused slightly, her eyes softened somewhat, and she gently advised: "The situation is special, the Sect Leader also needs to fight a deathmatch."

You, as the Lady of the Sect, should preside over matters from the sidelines."

However, Jiang Ruyi remembered something and diverted the topic: "Lu Ran told me before, he wanted to find an opportunity to invite you to be the Vice Sect Leader of the Ran Sect, to preside over the affairs of the sect."

"Oh?" Qiao Wanjun slightly raised an eyebrow.

Jiang Ruyi smiled and nodded: "He is still working on building up the courage, unsure of how to approach you, and afraid of your refusal."

"Hehe~" Qiao Wanjun lightly looked at the young woman in a phoenix robe, "So you spoke on his behalf."

"Mm." Jiang Ruyi rarely displayed the demeanor that a younger generation should have, her smile a bit bashful.

Strength nurtures a person, and so does status.

Jiang Ruyi, donned in the prestigious Phoenix Dignity of Nine Heavens Robe, on the outside appears like an Empress who wields power over the entire world.

Indeed, her core is the same.

This is also the reality!

Even before Qiao Wanjun and Lu Ran joined forces, within the Ran Sect, the old members of the Cloud Sea were already a special small group.

After Qiao Wanjun arrived, the Cloud Sea Sect came into being.

Though Qiao Wanjun and Lu Ran are a family, Jiang Ruyi truly hopes Master Qiao can take the lead in joining the Ran Sect.

Whether managing or overseeing.

The old members of the Cloud Sea could fundamentally belong to the Ran Sect completely.

"What are you chatting about so engrossingly?" Suddenly, a young voice came from behind.

Both Qiao Wanju and Jiang Ruyi turned their heads to look.

They saw Lu Ran sitting on the giant stone finger of the Divine Sculpture of Xian Mo, looking at the Lady Mother and Lady Girlfriend, muttering discontentedly:

"Over there, I was fighting like mad, and neither of you show any concern for me..."

Qiao Wanju slightly raised her brows, watching the young man utterly lacking grand demeanor, only to find him increasingly resembling Little Yuanxi.

Having shed his inferiority and sensitivity, he learned to cry and make a fuss.

Jiang Ruyi held an elusive smile at the corner of her mouth, similarly watching the young man sitting on the ground refusing to get up.

At the peak of the Heavenly Realm at twenty-three years old...

Isn't it a bit late to be acting spoiled now?

"I'm about to be slain by Chou Nu..." Lu Ran continued grumbling.

Yan Chou: ???

Did you come across the Young Master?

Not at all!

It's not that I'm afraid to meet him, I just really couldn't!

"Um... Could you two spare me a bit of attention?" Lu Ran, receiving no response for a long time, looked up at the two at the tip of the stone finger.

How humble he is~

He looked to the left and was immediately stunned by beauty.

Another glance to the right, even more stunning.

There's no denying, the strength of the Third Level in the Heavenly Realm helped Lu Ran a lot, greatly enhancing his mental and aura resistance!

At least in front of a goddess girlfriend, he could hold back and no longer freak out.

"I heard from Ruyi that you want to bring me into your sect?" Qiao Wanju suddenly spoke.

"Oh no~ I didn't say that!" This time, it was Lu Ran's turn to be startled.

He quickly stood up, "I wanted to invite you as the Vice Sect Leader! To manage the Three Realms, lead the heroes."

Qiao Wanju couldn't help but laugh, looking at the kid's earnest and fearful appearance, she gestured to the woman in the phoenix robe beside her, "You already have an excellent Vice Sect Leader.

She is more thoughtful and calm than you."

Lu Ran: "..."

So should I leave?

Jiang Ruyi pursed her lips, also silent.

Aunt Qiao, you're hinting at me...

"Mom." Lu Ran organized his words, and said seriously, "I'm not going to say those fake polite things, the brothers are all following me, I can't let you be the Sect Leader."

His gaze was intensely sincere, "You're technically the Vice Sect Leader, but in private, Ruyi and I both listen to you."

But to his surprise, Qiao Wanjun decisively shook her head.

Lu Ran slightly opened his mouth, momentarily stuck.

In name, he is the Lord of Gods and Demons, but in today's world where warriors become gods, the Ran Sect deities can leave him.

The old subordinates of the Cloud Sea... or anyone could start anew.

That's why Yu Changsheng had long advised Lu Ran to keep something back.

To ensure his core combat system is stable and to tightly hold some important Stone Sculptures in his own hands.

Of course, these are the worst-case scenarios, Lu Ran certainly didn't believe his mother would leave him.

"Forget about the Vice Sect Leader, Ruyi does very well." Qiao Wanju stood with her hands behind her back, looking at the distant dim sky.

Listen, heed the voice.

Lu Ran was initially somewhat lost, but now he immediately stabilized.

As expected, Qiao Wanju said lightly, "I see there are two Heavenly Emperors within Ran Sect."

Lu Ran's eyes lit up, "Yes, yes, yes! Both of them are first-class God Demons, with top-notch combat power, very impressive... ahem, status upheld!"

Either one can easily hold their own!"

Lu Ran took a step forward, "Who do you want to replace? I'll kick that guy out of the sequence and demote him to Divine General."

Qiao Wanju: ?

Jiang Ruyi: ???

Qiao Wanju's eyes were reproachful while Jiang Ruyi was both amused and annoyed.

As two beautiful eyes looked over, Lu Ran couldn't help but shiver slightly, speaking softly, "I'm just trying to lighten the mood~

Hey? This way it would be perfect to complete the Four Directions Heavenly Emperor..."

"Who is the other one?" Qiao Wanju was somewhat curious.

He Qifeng and Wu Xiao were already part of the list, not worth discussing, and with Qiao Wanju's entry, the selection standards for the Heavenly Emperor sequence would naturally be elevated infinitely!

So when Lu Ran said this, even Qiao Wanju became slightly interested.

"Ah... what's that!" Lu Ran thought it was terrible, but then quickly came up with a bright idea, "After the Evil Spear Emperor is defeated, Yan Chou will also be a first-class Evil God."

Jiang Ruyi glanced at Lu Ran, her lips slightly curled up.

"I humbly ask the Young Master to withdraw the order, Chou Nu would not dare to be on par with the Sect Master." From behind, Yan Chou's stone sculpture bowed his head and said in a deep voice.

Lu Ran snorted, "Having someone to back you really makes a difference, huh? Before, everything I said was final."

"Young, Young Master! It's not, I..."

"Oh, come on, I'm just joking with you! Come on, accompany me for a few more rounds!"

"As you command!"

With that, one person and one sculpture quickly left, Qiao Wanju's eyes twinkled, looking at Jiang Ruyi.

Jiang Ruyi's heart tightened, slowly lowering her eyes.

...

Chapter 1080: Xian Mo Under the Moon

As the days went by.

Lu Ran had grown accustomed to the days living in the human world and battling in the heavenly realm.

No matter how high his power and realm became, he couldn't escape the core of being human. Every time he returned to the human world, he felt a deep sense of relaxation and joy.

The sun, moon, stars; frost, rain, and snow.

The bustling noise on the streets, the lively atmosphere in the narrow alleys.

Occasionally, Lu Ran would conceal his presence, standing quietly in the sky above the city, silently observing the myriad forms of life.

Previously, he would never have paused to watch the slight scrape of two vehicles on the street, but now he found himself curiously looking on for a while.

A society that promotes public order, morality, and legal systems is indeed so beautiful...

Unlike his own world, simple yet cruel.

Only the stark naked dynamics of strength and weakness, nobility and inferiority, life and death remain.

Of course, these are just minor interludes; the focus of Lu Ran's life still rests on the heavenly realm battlefield.

His duels with Yan Chou had lessened; under his mother's guidance, they exchanged insights and shared combat experiences more.

Beyond interactions with Yan Chou, Lu Ran would roam various divine mountains, fighting alongside soldiers of different styles, and facing off against the Faceless Jade Venerable.

Yes... every day is a battle of life and death.

This, to some extent, eased the anxiety within Lu Ran.

To fight a life-and-death battle with Da Xia's most elite first-class Evil God, to say he wasn't anxious would be pure stubbornness.

As time reached the end of February, on this night, Lu Ran retreated from the heavenly realm battlefield, full of cold killing intent, back to the human world in Jade Lonely City.

The ancient city beneath the Divine Sculpture of Xian Mo had already become Lu Ran's new home.

Speaking of it, most ancient cities within Da Xia had changed their names with the advent of Ran Sect's god.

But Jade Lonely City did not change.

It seems Fairy Jiang was pleased with the name of this ancient city.

Or perhaps she wanted to remind someone to whom this ancient city once belonged divinely, and what the outcome of that god was.

Sliced to pieces by their own hands, crushed to a scattering of bones and soul...

Jiang Ruyi did name her residence. Under her order, the plaque above the grand mansion's entrance now reads "Lu Mansion".

This deep courtyard environment is serene, with an octagonal pavilion in the rear garden, very peaceful.

Over the past month, Lu Ran often spent solitary time within the pavilion.

Sometimes watching the clouds overhead, sometimes gazing at her standing tall.

Gradually dissipating all his killing intent.

"You're back." A woman's voice came from outside the pavilion.

As cold and clear as the moonlight falling inside the pavilion.

Lu Ran turned his head to look, naturally having long sensed someone's approach, he sees that unparalleled beauty and breaks into a smile.

Even with the blood mask covering his face, it couldn't hide his gentle smiling eyes.

Jiang Ruyi's expression softened as well.

The youth under the moonlight compared to the boy in his memories has undergone an overwhelming transformation, long gone are the traces of naivety.

Yet his brow line remains unchanged.

The look in his eyes at her seems never to have changed.

Jiang Ruyi walked slowly into the pavilion and sat on the bench beside him, gently leaning her body against his shoulder: "Tired?"

Lu Ran shook his head.

Jiang Ruyi slightly tilted her head, resting it on his shoulder, the pavilion fell into silence.

She could sense, as the third day of the third lunar month approached, he became more silent than usual, the time spent alone in the pavilion also extended.

Slowly, she raised her hand, picking up the exquisite blood crystal mask, and gently took it off.

Lu Ran looked somewhat puzzled, turning his head to her.

Only to see her slightly lean forward with a cold yet enchanting face and gently imprint her lips on his.

Oh?

The Goddess's kiss?

Lu Ran couldn't help but blink.

Fairy Jiang was always reserved, rarely took the initiative.

"Shall we... go back?" With his gaze upon her, Jiang Ruyi shifted her eyes away, lowered her lids, her long lashes trembling slightly.

"Alright." Lu Ran took the chance for a princess carry, lowering his head to kiss her delicate lips while striding out of the octagonal pavilion.

With the order from the Fairy, how could one defy?

The moonlight is so beautiful tonight, looking at the position of the moon, the moonlight should spill through the windows into the room.

Everything was as Lu Ran expected, within the bedroom, he laid his fiancée on the bed covered in moonlight, intoxicated by her celestial beauty and ivory white ice-smooth and jade-like skin.

A night of silence...

Something to say!

After a spring evening pouring warmth into the hibiscus curtain, Lu Ran held the soft jade warmth, originally wanting to sleep deeply just like this.

An unexpected whisper came from his ear: "The battle with Spiritual Fortune, let me handle it."

Lu Ran immediately opened his eyes.

Somewhat shocked, he looked at the beauty in his arms.

Jiang Ruyi's eyes were very determined, especially as her soul was derived from the God and Demon Residue, naturally bringing a pressure to all beings.

Even speaking softly and in a consultative tone, it was essentially issuing an order.

Every word she said bore the decree of a god.

"Such a tender moment, don't discuss such jinx things, alright?" Lu Ran evaded the main point, slightly lowered his head and kissed her hair.

"You must prepare for the final battle and cannot personally deal with the Spiritual Fortune." Jiang Ruyi's voice was gentle, "I will do it for you."

Lu Ran: "..."

That old fortune-teller is very powerful.

Really powerful!

"No objections, then it's settled." Jiang Ruyi rubbed her cheek against his shoulder and closed her eyes.

"You have certain disadvantages when facing the Spiritual Fortune, making it difficult to exert your full power," Lu Ran said in a deep voice, "You know the fortune-telling flag in his hand, that is the Fourth Rank Magical Artifact·Heaven's Fate Flag.

It can transfer all negative effects suffered by the Master of Magical Artifact."

Xian Mo is famous for all kinds of spells, whether output skills or control skills, they are often accompanied by extremely powerful negative effects.

Such as lightning paralysis, frost freeze, or fiery burns.

Once these effects are applied to the Spiritual Fortune, he only needs to wave the Heaven's Fate Flag, and everything will be transferred away.

In a 1V1 life-and-death battlefield, the Spiritual Fortune cannot transfer these "dirty things" to others, and they will inevitably fall on Jiang Ruyi!

Equating to letting her suffer backlash.

Never doubt the capabilities of a top-level magical artifact!

Not to mention natural elements like ice, fire, thunder, even the curses of the Qian Bone Sect, and the poisons of the Poison Bee Sect can be transferred away by the Heaven's Fate Flag.

Lu Ran was even worried that the Spiritual Fortune would pre-arrange with Qian Gu and Poison Bee, directly stepping into battle with a body of "ailments."

At the moment the battle starts, transferring all the ailments to the opponent.

With the Spiritual Fortune's nature, he would absolutely do such a thing!

Therefore, when battling that dog, Purification Skill is a must.

Because of this, Lu Ran appointed Wind Emperor·He Qifeng to go into battle.

"I also have a top-level Magical Artifact·Jade Ghost Talisman." Jiang Ruyi was indifferent to negative effects.

The so-called Jade Ghost Talisman is also known as four white jade tokens and two black jade tokens.

Her calm voice made Lu Ran somewhat helpless, "You know better than me that after I seized those four white jade tokens of the Jade Talisman, techniques of ice, fire, thunder, and sand can hardly hurt me anymore."

The Jade Talisman Formation and Ghost Talisman Formation can only absorb the ice, fire, thunder, and sand within their sect.

Just like the Command Flag of the Wusheng Sect can only absorb the output of wind, fire, and thunder elements within its sect.

But the Fourth-tier Magical Artifact-Jade Ghost Talisman is not limited by any sect's skills and can absorb all the elemental outputs of ice, fire, thunder, and sand within its ability range.

In other words, Jiang Ruyi's magic resistance in these four attributes is almost maxed out!

Would she care about being shocked numb, or frozen stiff?

No! She is not even afraid of genuine output!

"Negative effects... what about curses, and poison?" Before Lu Ran could finish speaking, he felt emptiness in his arms.

"Hoo~"

Jiang Ruyi hadn't left, her ethereal figure reclined beside Lu Ran, resting her head on his shoulder.

Voidification!

Yes, there is more than one way to handle a problem.

Fairy Jiang doesn't need purification because she can voidify.

The toxins injected by Poison Bee-Poison Flower into the target's body and nerves, the curses etched by Thousand Bones-White Bone Staff into the target's bones, all rely on the existence of a physical body in the enemy.

Jiang Ruyi is completely unaffected by this.

"Hand."

"Ah." Lu Ran realized his arm had gone through her body, and immediately lifted it.

Then, the warm fragrant and soft jade with substance returned to his embrace.

Lu Ran's mind raced, and he said, "The Spiritual Fortune also has the Magic Bell, which is also a top-level magical artifact! You don't have spirit defense techniques, your Ice Heart Bracelet is only Second Rank, it can't withstand such illusions."

The Fourth-tier Magical Artifact·Thousand Autumn Bell can draw the target into the Illusion Realm of Fate's Reincarnation.

Within it, the target will experience cycle after cycle of years, enduring various tragic fates. In the outside world, a moment could mean hundreds or thousands of years in the illusion realm.

After the affected person returns, there will undoubtedly be a total disconnect from the battlefield in terms of mental state and mentality!

They may be even more drastically affected, like Zhuang Zhou's butterfly dream, unable to distinguish reality from illusion.

The top-level Divine Weapons of All Gods have such terrifying effects!

"I am originally a complete god in the Divine Position, and my mental defense is not poor," Jiang Ruyi casually said, "Moreover, Sister Xian'er has the Bi He Pouch, I can borrow it to guard my mind."

"Ruyi..." Lu Ran wanted to say something when a slender hand suddenly reached out.

She raised a finger, pressing it against his lips.

Lu Ran's eyes slightly widened.

The beauty in his arms propped herself up, actually straddling him.

She looked down at him, her waterfall-like hair cascading down like soft silk, shrouding everything outside.

At this moment, in Lu Ran's sight, only a stunningly alluring face remained.

"Lu Ran, I always believe you will succeed, firmly believe we will have an incredibly long life together."

"Mm." Lu Ran nodded heavily.

Regarding this, he was also convinced beyond doubt.

Jiang Ruyi removed the slender jade finger from his lips, softly saying, "I don't want to recall this battle in our long years ahead, regretting why I didn't join the battlefield for you."

Lu Ran opened his mouth, but before he could say anything, that breathtaking face came slowly closer in his view.

Their eyes met, only inches apart.

Her gaze was serious, her voice light but resolute: "You hate him so much and cannot fight personally, I will help you eliminate him."

"Mm, okay."